

Mad Tom;

11630. C. 11

4

K. Puffso. Bind.

OR, THE

B A R D of B A T H.

Pillicock fat upon Pillicock Hill
Hillo, Hillo, loo! loo!-----

Beware the foul fiend.

SHAKESPEARE.

The SECOND EDITION.

B A T H:

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

Mad Tom;

OR THE

BOARD of BATH.

. Pillcock sat upon Pillcock Hill

Hill. Hill, too! too!-----

How are the foul fiends.

SHAKESPEARE.

The SECOND EDITION.

BATH.

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[Price ONE SHILLING]

To the **R E A D E R.**

IF it should be found necessary that every Author reveal his name, I must perforce submit, and, though forely against my will, break through the bounds of modesty; as to the following trifle, according to a Canting Phrase, *It is not worth the telling one's name for*; and there is another that says, *It is unwise to tell one's*
name

name to every fool; but through the circle of my readers I will suppose there is but one fool among them all, therefore I shall remain heedless should he know my name or not, and subscribe myself his humble Servant,

MUMBLO PUPPSO.

BATH, Nov.
1781.

INSCRIPTION.

TO thee fair Goddess of the reeking spring,
That in the heated veins of earth resides
I bend—and to that persevering maid*
Whose arm industrious beats her marble fides
Till from her stomach she emits her warm
And healing distillation to the sick;
Purge the clog'd brain, 'till it with numbers flow
Pure as thy stream. Diffuse around, dear nymph,
Thy various blessings, and with skill profound
Eradicate at once each secret ill
That lies corroding in the human breast.

C. A. M. * The PUMP.

Survey

Survey yond' pale inhospitable form
 Whose breast be-chill'd with penury and fear,
 With eyes suspicious, heart that never mov'd
 Shou'd wretched poverty or should virtuous woe
 Solicit pity with expiring tongues.
 Throw up thy fluids of the warmest vein,
 To mollify his acrimonious blood;
 Untie the strings obdurate, that in fretful knots
 Bind up the source that should let mercy flow,
 And shew him what it is to be a man;
 Come peace, come health, and all the cheerful throng
 Of rosy spirits, link'd with harmony
 And curs'd be he that breaks the golden tie.

That lies corroding in the human breast.

Survey

M A D

M A D T O M;

OR, THE

B A R D of B A T H.

STILL was the night;—and in her splendid reign
The palid Moon with all her silver train
Bent her starry way, and with potent beams
Rous'd from his wayward and delusive dreams
The frantic bard—when from his bed he flew
To dell, or den, or where the chilly dew
Bemists the meadows of the lovely dale
While herds lay list'ning to the nightingale.

With

With hasty steps sometimes he'd fleet along;
 Or now he'd rave, or mope, or sing his song,
 Or near the skirting of some wood he'd stroll
 And chase the bat, or mock the midnight owl.
 Then to the brake he'd run with mad'ning speed
 And decorate his head with many a weed;
 With water-lilly, bull-rush, or with cress
 Form a fantastic incoherent dress;
 And then to brain-created forms he'd try
 To play the King and put on Majesty;
 The brain inflam'd, he first began to rave,
 And call'd each tree his disobedient slave.
 Upon a time, when wearing out the night,
 He'd prowld until the East with light
 Reveal'd Aurora in her auburn car
 And in her frontlet shone a radiant star;

The while herds lay listening to the nightingale.

The lark proclaim'd the Day—from ev'ry tree
 Was heard a various kind of melody;
 But Philomel more secret in his love
 Sought the deep gloom of a sequester'd grove.
 Cynthia resign'd reluctantly her reign,
 And left a rhyming furor in the brain
 Of poor Mad Tom;—for she enthron'd presides
 Over the brain of Madmen and of tides.
 Malignant was her purpose fure to men,
 When leaving of the sky she drop'd a pen,
 As if she meant it meerly in despite,
 That all the world might see, how Madmen write.
 From brake from dell, from fedgy brook or spring
 He hy'd away on giddy fancy's wing;
 He fought the city and he join'd the crow'd,
 To lash the guilty or deplume the proud.

C

Let

Let each Bathonian visitant beware,
 Save gentle W—d—y ;—that bewitching fair,
 Whose eyes could quell a Madman in his rage,
 And lim'd his heart, though wink'd o'er with age.
 Should she perchance the gay parade to trip,
 View but his haggard eye and quivering lip,
 The hand officious, where there is no need,
 A tongue that far out-runs all reason's speed,
 With Capricornian jestures he will try
 To captivate her bright Lucretian eye,
 While like a Tarquin he would fain beguile
 And thinks it love, shou'd she disgusted smile.
 But when she quits the variegated train,
 The foul fiend haunts him, and his heated brain
 Is fill'd with numbers, and in zigzag rhymes
 He stands a Cenfor to reform the times;
 In rude-wrought couplets, dissonant and wild,
 The incoherent raptures of a child,

One proposition interjects another,
A raving, rhyming, pitiable pother.

Strange are the whims, the fancies, and the tricks,
And vague antipathies of Lunaticks,
But when the mind's unsettl'd in distress,
The walk, the look, the colour or the dress
If tall or short ;—or that man's thought a prig
Who robs not nature to adopt a wig ;
To make the incoherency compleat
That Lord's a niggard should he prove discreet.

Ill manner'd scribe that over-leaps all rule,
For wanting moderation, shews the Fool,
Shou'd wit prove coy, and fly thy costive muse,
Why give us trash and substitute abuse,
Why rave like Buckhorse, when you splash a Peer,
Why shock our senses, and disturb the ear

With lines disgracing all the blushing nine,
 Nor blush to own the filthy numbers thine.
 If write you must, be this your future plan
 Let it be done with prudence like a man,
 And while you try your betters to disgrace,
 Be sure you guard your own detraitive face,
 Lest the vile dirt should on yourself recoil
 And all your boasted bastard laurels spoil.
 If like a Toad your venom you must spit
 To poison minds, and call that venom wit,
 If you wou'd with a subject to portray,
 Or try to fright your neighbours peace away,
 Let subjects like yourself the verse adorn,
 For such are only fit for public scorn.
 When reason quits us we for ever find,
 All things run counter in the human mind
 For fancy's pilot ever proves a slave
 And like the foaming agitated wave

Can

Can find no rest, but rous'd by every breeze
Strangers for ever to an hour of ease.

New scenes of wonder starts up every day
And all astonish'd life glides swift away ;
By bards of old it often has been sung
That mills have ground the oldest people young,
So S—v—n touching her harmonic strings
Call'd back old Time, and pinioning his wings
Fill'd the mad bard with such extatic joy
That strait we found him turn'd into a boy!

What has M——y done, alas, that she
Should feel the spattering of calumny ?
The dirty rubbish, and the low abuse
Thrown by the scavenger of a dirty muse ?

Is it because she's faithful to a friend,
 Is it because she's ever sure to 'tend
 Where merit calls? should lingering despair
 Implore for aid, you see M——y there,
 Is it because with fortune she is crown'd,
 And deals it out munificently round?
 Is it because her bounties are displaid
 To every poor and needy wretch's aid?
 If these are motives, sure that heart is bad,
 And sure that brain, that poets brain is mad.

Ah, pity then his turpitude and rhymes,
 The tricks of fools and Madmen are not crimes;
 But like the child, that errs he knows not why,
 This errs from frenzy, that stupidity;
 The muse too harsh in sentencing is loth,
 Or else she thinks poor Tom possess'd of both;

But

But wayward ever is a moon-struck mind,
And so the poor bewilder'd Tom's defin'd.

Oh, for a bell and rattle to appease
The child, and keep him silent and at ease,
Let dulness nurse him in her leaden lap,
And feed her fav'rite bantling well with pap,
Some strong narcotic keep the portion down
In pity to her bantling and the town;
That he no more his follies may expose
Or try to break the rational repose,
Of those who pity and too oft despise
The horrid gestures and the fretful cries
That rise from madness, petulance and spleen
With jaundice eye, and acrimony green,
Such as frank nature chuses to impart
To shew the foul ingredience of the heart.

When

When night breaks in and draws a veil between
 The eyes of virtue and each vicious scene;
 When stews unfold and prostitution reigns,
 And blood beats high in every lecher's veins,
 In allies dark, and secret holds obscene,
 There Tom for ever after prey is seen;
 Or should some tiny, meet his prowling eye,
 Some unsuspecting child of modesty,
 Who knows no vice, not yet suspects a wrong,
 Pleas'd with a toy, and sings the last new song;
 There will he ply and practice all his wiles
 Till he the hapless innocent beguiles;
 Then leave her on reflection's page to pore,
 Who never read reflection's book before,
 Who never felt a sorrow or a sigh,
 To drink of sorrow to eternity!

But

But Tom's a Madman what can more be said,
 The fault lies solely in the poor man's head ;
 Then let the creature write, and rave and rail,
 And all the world shall titter at his Tale.

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F I N I S

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7